The Skin.

The following rhymes were written [illegible] Alfred Power, who, during a long career, was the main instrument in establishing the present police system in Ireland. His name, says an English paper, deserves to be remembered as that of one of the few Irishmen to whom Ireland owes a debt for good government it has had in the last two generations. It may fairly be classed with those of Sir Thomas Larcom, Sir Alexander Mac Donnell, and Sir Richard Griffith, all of whom in their different departments devoted long and laborious lives to the details of Irish administration. Sir Alfred Power is now an octogenarian, and lives in retirement at Dublin:

There is a skin without and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin;
But no person within is the skin without
Peeled inwards and carried completely about.

The nostrils, the windpipe and throat
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvelous plan
For holding the dregs of the flesh of man,
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whiskey or gin
Is apt to disorder the skin within,
While if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within,
To the first give plenty of water and soap,
To the last, little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air,
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most, and can soonest digest.
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you drink it,
Had better be filtered and boiled before you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware
Of breathing the poison of once breathed air;
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open the windows and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm,
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

LITERARY NOTES.

CHARLES READE'S MOTHER.—"'Why should angels be fools?' said Charles Reade once, when discussing Thackeray's Amelia. 'A clear head and a warm heart go to the making of a perfect woman.' His favorite heroine," says the New York *Tribune*, "was 'Clarissa Hawlowe.' Mrs. Compton Reade says in the Charleston *News* that the author was in the habit of ascribing his literary gift to his mother, who, though not an authoress, was still a voluminous and able letter writer in the days when letters were letters. Moreover a person of great natural ability and charm. The utmost affection prevailed, where once, perhaps, something less than perfect amicability was apparent, before Mrs. Reade's death, which took place in her ninety first year. The already celebrated novelist had no more earnest admirer than she, whose youth had been passed among the most brilliant and famous men of her time, that reached back to the golden period when Sir Joshua would paint you a portrait for £40, and Pitt and Fox waged Homeric warfare in the House. Charles Reade heard of all these now historic doings at first hand."

GRIMM'S LITTLE VISITOR.—"Here," says the *Christian Union*, "is a pretty story about William Grimm, one of the two famous German story-tellers whose fairy tales have delighted so many children of all nations: 'One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words, 'Are you the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?' 'Yes; I and my brother.' 'And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?' 'Yes, certainly.' 'Well,' said the child, producing the book, 'it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now, I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen, and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees.' Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.'"

JANE AUSTEN'S remains were laid in Winchester Cathedral, almost opposite the beautiful tomb of William of Wykham. A slab of black marble, bearing a suitable inscription, marks the spot to which many a reader of her works has made a pilgrimage. "Her fame attracted strangers to her tomb, but her achievements were not of the kind," says the *Evening Post*, "which were known to all men. A gentleman who sought her last resting place was asked by the verger, 'Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady?—so many people want to know where she was buried.' Since then her nephew, the Rev. J. Austen Leigh, has caused a brass tablet to be inserted in the wall near her grave, with the following words engraven upon it: 'Jane Austen, known to many by her writings, endeared to her family by the varied charms of her character, and enobled by Christian faith and piety. "She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." —Proverbs xxxi. 56.'"

CARLYLE, THE HATER OF SHAMS.—It is in some respects curious that Carlyle has connected his name so effectually as he has done with the denunciation of shams. For we are far from thinking that the passionate love of truth in its simplicity was at all his chief characteristic. In the first place, his style is too self-conscious for that of sheer, self-forgetting love of truth. No man of first-rate simplicity—and first-rate simplicity is, we imagine, one of the conditions of a first-rate love of truth—would express commonplace ideas in so round-about a fashion as he; would say for instance, in recommending Emerson to the reading public, "The words of such a man—what words he thinks fit to speak—are worth attending to;" or would describe a kind and gracious woman as "a gentle, excellent female soul," as he does in his "Life of Sterling." There is a straining for effect in the details of Carlyle's style which is not the characteristic of an overpowering and perfectly simple love of truth. Nor was that the ruling intellectual principle of Carlyle's mind. What he meant by hatred of shams, exposure of unveracities, defiance to the "Everlasting No," affirmative to the "Everlasting Yea," and the like, was not so much the love of truth as the love of divine force—the love of that which had genuine strength and effective character in it, the denunciation of imbecilities, the scorn for the dwindled life of mere conventionality or precedent, the contempt for extinct figments, not so much because they were figments as because they were extinct and would no longer bear the strain put upon them by human passion. Greatly as Carlyle despised "cant," he seems to have meant by cant not so much principles which a man does not personally accept, but repeats by rote on the authority of others, as principles which have ceased, in his estimation, to exert a living influence on society, whether heartily accepted by the individual or not.—[The Spectator.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader* gives the following pen-picture of George W. Cable: He is under medium height, very straight, very slender, and as sallow as many of the Creoles whom he portrays in his novels. He has a face rather effeminate than manly, and his beard of silky black, and his long mustache twisted with its ends hanging below his chin, and making a bow over his mouth, carries out this illusion. His nose is straight and small, his eyes bright, black and piercing, and his forehead medium. His hair is the color of jet, and as glossy as oiled ebony. He does not weigh, I should say, over one hundred and thirty pounds. He has a good voice, well trained and melodious. He articulates distinctly, and his gestures have all the grace of a woman. Ten years ago the world knew nothing of Cable: now he stands in the front rank of the American literati. He was at one time a merchant, then tried newspaper-writing on the New Orleans *Picayune*, and while doing so began to study the early history of New Orleans. He became interested in the Creoles, and wrote several sketches of them for the *Century Magazine*. These attracted attention, and he found the field upon which he had entered one worth developing. In the carrying out of his ideas, he has shown that he is an accomplished novelist, and has made a reputation which will last.

Some years ago a very young governess wrote a crude dramatic sketch for the amateurs of a small country town. Prior to the date fixed for its production, however, the local managers discovered that the amateurs had omitted to procure the necessary license, and the entertainment had to be postponed. During the delay the excitement cooled down, and when at length the piece was produced, it was to a very limited audience. Some time afterward the governess forsook teaching for the stage, and while at Haymarket Theatre it occurred to her to turn her play into a novel. The governess, actress, and author is Miss Florence Warden, and the name of the novel, "The House on the Marsh."

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

"The end has come sooner than I expected." These were the sad words I muttered to myself as, waving my frightened servant away, I closed the door and stood alone with the supposed maniac. He rose and wrung my hand, then without a word sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. A sort of nervous trembling seemed to run through his frame. Deeply distressed, I drew his hands from his face.

"Now, Carriston," I said, as firmly as I could, "look up and tell me what all this means. Look up, I say, man, and speak to me."

He raised his eyes to mine and kept them there, while a ghastly smile—a phantom of humor—flickered across his white face. No doubt his native quickness told him what I suspected, so he looked me full and steadily in the face.

"No," he said, "not as you think. But let there be no mistake. Question me. Talk to me. Put me to any test. Satisfy yourself, once for all, that I am as sane as you are."

He spoke so rationally, his eyes met mine so unflinchingly, that I was rejoiced to know that my fears were as yet ungrounded. There was grief, excitement, want of rest in his appearance, but his general manner told me he was, as he said, as sane as I was.

"Thank heaven you can speak to me and look at me like this!" I exclaimed.

"You are satisfied, then?" he said.

"On this point, yes. Now tell me what is wrong?"

Now that he had set my doubts at rest, his agitation and excitement seemed to return. He grasped my hand convulsively.

"Madeline!" he whispered. "Madeline—my love—she is gone."

"Gone!" I repeated. "Gone where?"

"She is gone, I say—stolen from me by some black-hearted traitor—perhaps forever. Who can tell?"

"But, Carriston, surely in so short a time her love cannot have been won by another. If so, all I can say is——"

"What!" he shouted. "You who have seen her! You in your wildest dreams to imagine that Madeline Rowan would leave me of her own free will! No, sir, she has been stolen from me—entrapped—carried away—hidden. But I will find her, or I will kill the black-hearted villain who has done this."

He rose and paced the room. His face was distorted with rage. He clinched and unclinched his long slender hands.

He clenched and unclenched his long, slender hands.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you are talking riddles. Sit down and tell me calmly what has happened. But, first of all, as you look utterly worn out, I will ring for my man to get you some food."

"No," he said, "I want nothing. Weary I am, for I have been to Scotland and back as fast as man can travel. I reached London a short time ago, and after seeing one man have come straight to you, my old friend, for help—it may be for protection. But I have eaten and I have drunk, knowing I must keep my health and strength."

However, I insisted upon some wine being brought. He drank a glass, and then, with a strange, enforced calm, told me what had taken place. His tale was this:

After we had parted company on our return from Scotland, Carriston went down to the family seat in Oxfordshire and informed his uncle of the impending change in his life. The baronet, an extremely old man, infirm and all but childish, troubled little about the matter. Every acre of his large property was strictly entailed, so his pleasure or displeasure could make but little alteration in his nephew's prospects. Still, he was the head of the family, and Carriston was in duty bound to make the important news known to him. The young man made no secret of his approaching marriage, so in a very short time every member of the family was aware that the heir and future head was about to ally himself to a nobody. Knowing nothing of Madeline Rowan's rare beauty and sweet nature, Carriston's kinsmen and kinswomen were sparing with their congratulations. Indeed, Mr. Ralph Carriston, the cousin whose name was coupled with such absurd suspicions, went so far as to write a bitter, sarcastic letter, full of ironical felicitation. This and Charles Carriston's haughty reply, did not make the affection between the cousins any stronger. Moreover, shortly afterward the younger man heard that inquiries were being made in the neighborhood of Madeline's home as to her position and parentage. Feeling sure that only his cousin Ralph could have had the curiosity to institute such inquiries, he wrote and thanked him for the keen interest he was manifesting in his future welfare, but begged that hereafter Mr. Carriston would apply to him direct for any information he wanted. The two men were now no longer on speaking terms.

Charles Carriston, in his present frame of mind, cared little whether his relatives wished to bless or forbid the banns. He was passionately in love, and at once set about making arrangements for a speedy marriage. Although Madeline was still ignorant of the exalted position held by her lover—although she came to him absolutely penniless, he was resolved in the matter of money to treat her as generously as he would have treated the most eligible damsel in the country. There were several legal questions to be set at rest concerning certain property he wished to settle upon her. These of course caused delay. As soon as they were adjusted to his own, or, rather, to his lawyer's satisfaction, he purposed going to Scotland and carrying away his beautiful bride. In the meantime he cast about for a residence.

Somewhat Bohemian in his nature, Carriston had no intention of settling down just yet to live the life of an ordinary moneyed Englishman. His intention was to take Madeline abroad for some months. He had fixed upon Cannes as a desirable place at which to winter, but having grown somewhat tired of hotel life, wished to rent a furnished house. He had received from an agent to whom he had been advised to apply the refusal of a house, which, from the glowing description given, seemed the one above all others he wanted. As an early decision was insisted upon, my impulsive young friend thought nothing of crossing the channel and running down to the south of France to see with his own eyes that the much-lauded place was worthy of the fair being who was to be its temporary mistress.

He wrote to Madeline and told her he was going from home for a few days. He said he should be traveling the greatest part of the time, so it would be no use her writing to him until his return. He did not reveal the object of his journey. Were Madeline to know it was to choose a winter residence at Cannes, she would be filled with amazement, and the innocent deception he was still keeping up would not be carried through to the romantic end which he pictured to himself.

The day before he started for France, Madeline wrote that her aunt was very unwell, but said nothing as to her malady causing any alarm. Perhaps Carriston thought less about the old Scotch widow than her relationship and kindness to Miss Rowan merited. He started on his travels without any forebodings of evil.

His journey to Cannes and back was hurried—he wasted no time on the road, but was delayed for two days at the place itself before he could make final arrangements with the owner and the present occupier of the house. Thinking he was going to start every moment, he did not write to Madeline. At the rate at which he meant to return, a letter posted in England would reach her almost as quickly as if posted at Cannes.

He reached his home, which for the last few weeks had been Oxford, and found two letters waiting for him. The first, dated on the day he left England, was from Madeline. It told him that her aunt's illness had suddenly taken a fatal turn—that she had died that day, almost without warning. The second letter was anonymous.

It was written apparently by a woman, and advised Mr. Carr to look sharply after his lady love, or he would find himself left in the lurch. The writer would not be surprised to hear some fine day that she had eloped with a certain gentleman who should be nameless. This precious epistle, probably an emanation of feminine spite, Carriston treated it as it deserved—he tore it up and threw the pieces to the wind.

But the thought of Madeline being alone at that lonely house troubled him greatly. The dead woman had no sons or daughters—all the anxiety and responsibility connected with her affairs would fall on the poor girl. The next day he threw himself into the Scotch express and started for her far-away home.

On arriving there he found it occupied only by the rough farm servants. They seemed in a state of wonderment, and volubly questioned Carriston as to the whereabouts of Madeline. The question sent a chill of fear to his heart. He answered their questions by others, and soon learned all they had to communicate.

Little enough it was. On the morning after the old woman's funeral Madeline had gone to Callendar to ask the advice of an old friend of her aunt, as to what steps should now be taken. She had neither been to this friend, nor had she returned home. She had, however, sent a message that she must go to London at once, and would write from there. That was the last heard of her—all that was known about her.

Upon hearing this news Carriston became a prey to the acutest terror—an emotion which was quite inexplicable to the honest people, his informants. The girl had gone, but she had sent word whither she had gone. True, they did not know the reason for her departure, so sudden and without luggage of any description—true, she had not written as promised, but no doubt they would hear from her to-morrow. Carriston knew better. Without revealing the extent of his fears he flew back to Callendar. Inquiries at the railway station informed him that she had gone, or had purposed going, to London, but whether she ever reached it, or whether any trace of her could be found there, was at least a matter of doubt. No good could be gained by remaining in Scotland, so he traveled back at once to town, half distracted, sleepless and racking his brains to know where to look for her.

"She has been decoyed away," he said in conclusion. "She is hidden, imprisoned somewhere. And I know, as well as if he told me, who has done this thing. I can trace Ralph Carriston's cursed hand through it all."

I glanced at him askance. This morbid suspicion of his cousin amounted almost to monomania. He had told the tale of Madeline's disappearance clearly and tersely; but when he began to account for it, his theory was a wild and untenable one. However much he suspected Ralph Carriston of longing to stand in his shoes, I could see no object for the crime of which he accused him—that of decoying away Madeline Rowan.

"But why should he have done this?" I asked. "To prevent your marriage? You are young; he must have foreseen that you would marry some day."

Carriston leaned toward me, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"This is his reason," he said—"this is why I come to you. You are not the only one who has entirely misread my nature, and seen a strong tendency to insanity in it. Of course I know that you are all wrong, but I know that Ralph Carriston has stolen my love—stolen her because he thinks and hopes that her loss will drive me mad—perhaps drive me to kill myself. I went straight to him—I have just come from him. Brand, I tell you, that when I taxed him with the crime—when I raved at him—when I threatened to tear the life out of him—his cold wicked eyes leapt with joy. I heard him mutter between his teeth, 'Men have been put in strait-waistcoats for less than this.' Then I knew why he had done this. I curbed myself and left him. Most likely he will try to shut me up as a lunatic; but I count on your protection—count on your help to find my love."

That any man could be guilty of such a subtle refinement of crime as that of which he accused his cousin, seemed to me, if not impossible, at least improbable. But as at present there was no doubt about my friend's sanity, I promised my aid readily.

"And now," I said, "my dear boy, I won't hear another word to-night. Nothing can be done until to-morrow; then we will consult as to what steps should be taken. Drink this and go to bed—yes, you are as sane as I am, but remember, insomnia soon drives the strongest man out of his senses."

I poured out an opiate. He drank it obediently. Before I left him for the night I saw him in bed and sleeping a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

The advantage to one who writes, not a tale of imagination, but a simple record of events, is this: He need not be bound by the recognized canons of the story-telling art—need not exercise his ingenuity to mislead his reader—need not suppress something and lay undue stress on others to create mysteries to be cleared up at the end of the tale. Therefore, using the privilege of a plain narrator, I shall here give some account of what became of Miss Rowan, as, so far as I can remember, I heard it some time afterward from her own lips.

The old Scotch woman's funeral over, and those friends who had been present departed, Madeline was left in the little farm-house alone, save for the presence of the two servants. Several kind bodies had offered to come and stay with her, but she had declined the offers. She was in no mood for company, and perhaps, being of such a different race and breed, would not have found much comfort in the rough, homely sympathy which was offered to her. She preferred being alone with her grief—grief which, after all, was bound to be much lightened by the thought of her own approaching happiness, for the day was drawing near when her lover would cross the border and bear his bonnie bride away. She felt sure that she would not be long alone—that the moment Carriston heard of her aunt's death he would come to her assistance. In such a peaceful, God-fearing neighborhood she had no fear of being left without protection. Moreover, her position in the house was well defined. The old woman, who was childless, had left her niece all of which she died possessed. So Madeline decided to wait quietly until she heard from her lover.

Still, there were business matters to be attended to, and at the funeral, Mr. Douglas, of Callendar, the executor under the will, had suggested that an early interview would be desirable. He offered to drive out to the little farm the next day, but Miss Rowan, who had to see to some feminine necessaries which could only be supplied by shops, decided that she would come to the town instead of troubling Mr. Douglas to drive so far out.

Madeline, in spite of the superstitious element in her character, was a brave girl, and in spite of her refined style of beauty, strong and healthy. Early hours were the rule in that humble home, so before 7 o'clock in the morning she was ready to start on her drive to the little town. At first she thought of taking with her the boy who did the rough, out-door work; but he was busy about something or other, and besides, was a garrulous lad, who would be certain to chatter the whole way, and this morning Miss Rowan wanted no companions save her own mingled thoughts of sadness and joy. She knew every inch of the road—she feared no evil—she would be home again before nightfall—the pony was quiet and sure-footed—so away went Madeline in the strong, primitive vehicle on her lonely twelve-mile drive through the fair scenery.

She passed few people on the road. Indeed, she remembered meeting no one except one or two pedestrian tourists, who, like sensible men, were doing a portion of their day's task in the early morning. I have no doubt but Miss Rowan seemed to them a passing vision of loveliness.

But when she was a mile or two from Callendar she saw a boy on a pony. The boy, who must have known her by sight, stopped and handed her a telegram. She had to pay several shillings for the delivery, or intended delivery, of the message, so far from the station. The boy galloped away, congratulating himself on having been spared a long ride, and Miss Rowan tore open the envelope left in her hands.

"The message was brief: "Mr. Carr is seriously ill. Come at once. You will be met in London."

Madeline did not scream or faint. She gave one low moan of pain, set her teeth, and with the face of one in a dream drove as quickly as she could to Callendar, straight to the railway station.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, she had money with her, so she did not waste time in going to Mr. Douglas. In spite of the crushing blow she had received, the girl had all her wits about her. A train would start in ten minutes' time. She took her ticket, then found an idler outside the station, and paid him to take the pony and carriage back to the farm, with the message as repeated to Carriston.

The journey passed like a long dream. The girl could think of nothing but her lover, dying, dying—perhaps dead before she could reach him. The miles flew by unnoticed; twilight crept on; the carriage grew dark; at last—London at last! Miss Rowan stepped out on the broad platform, not knowing what to do or where to turn. Presently a tall, well-dressed man came up to her, and removing his hat, addressed her by name. The promise as to her being met had been kept.

She clasped her hands. "Tell me—oh, tell me, he is not dead!" she cried.

"Mr. Carr is not dead. He is ill, very ill—delirious, and calling for you."

"Where is he? Oh, take me to him!"

"He is miles and miles from here—at a friend's house. I have been deputed to meet you and to accompany you, if you feel strong enough to continue the journey at once."

"Come," said Madeline. "Take me to him."

"Your luggage?" asked the gentleman.

"I have none. Come!"

"You must take some refreshment."

"I need nothing. Come!"

The gentleman glanced at his watch. "There is just time," he said. He called a cab, told the driver to go at top speed. They reached Paddington just in time to catch the mail.

During the drive across London Madeline asked many questions, and learned from her companion that Mr. Carr had been staying for a day or two at a friend's house in the west of England. That yesterday he had fallen from his horse and sustained such injuries that his life was despaired of. He had been continually calling for Madeline. They had found her address on a letter, and had telegraphed as soon as possible—for which act Miss Rowan thanked her companion with tears in her eyes.

Her conductor did not say much of his own accord, but in replying to her questions he was politely sympathetic. She thought of little outside the fearful picture which filled every corner of her brain, but from her conductor's manner received the impression that he was a medical adviser, who had seen the sufferer and assisted in the treatment of the case. She did not ask his name, nor did he reveal it.

At Paddington he placed her in a ladies' carriage and left her. He was a smoker, he said. She wondered somewhat at this desertion. Then the train sped down west. At the large stations the gentleman came to her and offered her refreshments. Hunger seemed to have left her, but she accepted a cup of tea once or twice. At last sorrow, fatigue, and the weakness produced by such a prolonged fast had their natural effect. With the tears still on her lashes the girl fell asleep, and must have slept for many miles; a sleep unbroken by stoppages at stations.

Her conductor at last aroused her. He stood at the door of the carriage. "We must get out here," he said. All the momentarily forgotten anguish came back to her as she stood beside him on the almost unoccupied platform.

"Are we there at last?" she asked.

"I am sorry to say we have still a long drive. Would you like to rest first?"

"No, no. Come on, if you please. She spoke with feverish eagerness.

The man bowed. "A carriage waits," he said.

Outside the station was a carriage of some sort, drawn by one horse, and driven by a man muffled up to the eyes. It was still night, but Madeline fancied dawn could not be far off. Her conductor opened the door of the carriage and waited for her to enter.

She paused. "Ask him—that man must know if——"

"I am most remiss," said the gentleman. He exchanged a few words with the driver, and coming back, told Madeline that Mr. Carr was still alive, sensible, and expecting her eagerly.

"Oh, please, please drive fast," said the poor girl, springing into the carriage. The gentleman seated himself beside her, and for a long time they drove on in silence. At last they stopped. The dawn was just glimmering. They alighted in front of a house. The door was open. Madeline entered swiftly. "Which way—which way?" she asked. She was too agitated to notice any surroundings; her one wish was to reach her lover.

"Allow me," said the conductor, passing her. "This way; please follow me." He went up a short flight of stairs, then paused, and opened a door quietly. He stood aside for the girl to enter. The room was dimly lit, and contained a bed with drawn curtains. Madeline flew past her traveling companion, and as she threw herself on her knees beside

He stood aside for the girl to enter.

the bed upon which she expected to see the helpless and shattered form of the man she loved, heard, or fancied she heard, the door locked behind her.

(To be continued.)

A lie is always on the down grade, but the truth you have to hitch an engine to.

LEGAL NOTICES.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 22d day of July, 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD-DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,

at the hour of 2 P. M., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes with the interest thereon, from the 20th day of October, A. D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, charges and expenses.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

4	Ackerman, est. of Abram one house, 10 acres on west side of road to Franklin	$14.36
44	Dodd, Reuben N. and Bro., 52 acres, west side Paterson road	80.64
68	Kent, Lyman B., one house, 30 acres, n. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, e. Peter S. Garabrant, s. Morris Canal, w. J. T. Garabrant, formerly	58.11
72	Kierstead, est. Isaac, one house, 70 acres, n. James Van Winkle, e. road to Franklin, s. H. and J. Van Winkle, w. Morris Canal and Third River	70.56
133	Van Gieson, Augustus T. 1 house 44½ acres, n. Paterson road & road past D. R. church, e. A. Garabrant, w. lands formerly J. H. Hight	84.00
76	Lyon, Wm. 1 house, 28 acres, part of farm formerly belonging to Miss Cyrintha Van Winkle, w. side Paterson road	36.28
134	Van Riper, John, 1 house, 11 acres, e. side Paterson road, s. of Wilbur Brokaw	19.02

DISTRICT NO. 2.

287	Smith, Thos. (formerly Finch) Stores cor. Bloomfield avenue and Orange st., n. Orange st. e. James R. Finch, s. Wm. A. Freeman, w. Bloomfield ave.	53.00
318	Groshong, est. Peter, 1 house, Broad st. n. est. Jas. Ball, e. Broad st. w. Ball est	13.78
388	Hayes, Simeon R. 1 house, Monroe Place, north side, formerly T. E. Hayes	40.28
426	Kent, Aaron H. one house, 7 acres, n. Old Road, e. Jacob Ritchie, s. est. C. Farrand, w. formerly W. Wright	69.34
475	McDowell, Chas., one house, n. Canal st., e. est. J. M. Bonnell s. and. w. Montclair Railway	42.40
577	Peck, Gilbert H., one house, n. Beach st., e. and s. I. C. Ward w. Ed. Ward	57.18
760	Weeks, est. Dr. Cyrus, about one acre, n. Franklin st., e. & s. est. Cyrus Weeks, w D. M. Day	14.84
783	Edward S. Wilde, 2 tracts—1st, e. side Ridgewood ave, n. Mtc. Railroad, e. Cemetery, s. West Belleville ave. w. Ridgew. ave	154.16
2d.	Tract, n. Geo. Mann. or Benson e. Ridgewood ave. s. Kate V. Rudd and Benson, w. Benson	

DISTRICT NO. 3.

1	Boyne, James, jr., 1 house, east side Canal, near Plane	18.46
8	Boyne, James, 1 house, s. side Spring st	12.58
51	Cunningham, Pat'k, 1 h. Liberty st	9.54
65	Dunbar, Dominic, 1 lot, Cross st.	2.59
104	Gillespie, est. of, 114 acres, 1 h. road leading from Bloomfield to Franklin	159.00
121	Higgins, Thomas, 1 house, n. Liberty st., e. Hickory st., s Powers, w. Canal	6.36
150	Manley, Mrs. Thomas. 1 house, 12 acres, n. side Belleville ave	67.28
158	Monegan, est. Philip, 1 house, Montgomery st, north side	13.64
163	Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots, Orchard st., west side	4.66
172	O'Conner, Thomas, one house, east side of Canal, near Plane.	5.74
230	Van Winkle, Cornelius, 1 house, Montgomery street	25.44
231	VanWinkle, Eliza and Sarah, 1 h. and store, Montgomery st.	42.90
232	Van Winkle, Moses, 1 house, 3½ acres, Montgomery st. n. side.	21.14

DISTRICT NO. 4.

86	Condit, Mrs. George, 1 house and lot north side Thornton st., w. Moses Tichenor	18.02
97	Corby, Emmons B., 1 house and lot, Washington st., n. Washington st., e. Mut. Ben. Life Ins. Co., P. Geib and Arthur Spragg, s. Arthur Spragg and Railroad Co. w. Railroad Co.	75.70
198	Eveland, est. of Samuel, 1 house Linden ave., n. Ed. Hall and Chas. M. Lockwood, e. Wm. Myers, s. Glenwood ave., w. Thomas st	29.26
250	Groshong, Mrs. F. A. 1 house 1st north side, n. C. W. Powers and Riley Bond, s. First st., w. Mrs. Degnan	21.20
317	Hayes, Mrs. Nora, 1 house, Linden ave., n. Linden ave., e. Ward. st. s. Maolis ave. w. Adrian Dickerson	78.94
428	Mitchell, Mortimer, two houses, Nos. 7 and 8, s. side Lake st.	30.08
481	O'Brien, Francis, 1 house, Willow st., n. Geo. Dodd, e. est. John Strng, s. Willow st., w. C. Frank	20.08
582	Shiel, Ed., 1 house n. side of st. leading from Peloubet's factory to Railroad	4.48
693	Walsh, James L., 1 house, n. Woodland ave., e. Ridgewood ave., s. and w. Kate V. Darwin	134.56

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold.

The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale.

Witness my hand and seal this 14th day of August, A. D. 1885.

ALEXANDER C. MARR, Collector.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey, between the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, complainant, and Nora H. Hayes, et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged property.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.

Beginning in the southerly line of Linden avenue at the northwest corner of land sold by Phineas J. Ward to William Jarvie; thence running southerly along said Jarvie's line at right angles to Linden avenue two hundred feet; thence westerly parallel with said avenue ninety feet; thence northerly parallel with the first course two hundred feet to said avenue; thence easterly along Linden aahue ninety feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., July 20, 1885.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.

F. K. HOWELL, Solicitor. $3.60

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Life Insurance Company,
NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, - - - - - President.

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LIABILITIES (4 per cent Reserve)	35,857,827 70
SURPLUS	2,757,491 62
SURPLUS (New York Standard)	5,411,241 50

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IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the third year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; and all restrictions as to travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 80 per cent of the reserve value, where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

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